



Immortality

death

👁 240 ✓ 16 ⭐ 18

Chapter 1 by R

You wake up with a start, breathing heavily, uncertain. Something has gone wrong, gone so terribly wrong.

There is blood on the ground, blood everywhere, staining your skin and your clothing. There are bits of blood and guts spewed across the pavement, and it has started to attract flies. No, that's not it, the body lying dead next to you has started to attract flies.

There is a hole in your shirt that looks like a bullet hole, running right through your heart, but the skin underneath it doesn't have a mark at all. Your vision is hazy and so is your memory, but this isn't right.

You shouldn't be lying in an alleyway next to a dead guy who is splattered on the pavement with a missing ear and stab wounds that you're pretty sure you gave him. You shouldn't have a rushing migraine, or any feelings at all.

You should have a bullet in your heart and guts spilled across the pavement. So what happened?

Chapter 2 by Meghan Byrd



I going to freak out. but im in trouble

Chapter 1 by R

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I looked down to the pavement, where a body lay splattered in the dirt in the light of the lamp post that had been knocked over and melted in the film

better here? Who was I? I was a dead man, I knew that much. I didn't know who they were, I knew that they were the ones who had killed me, but I didn't know who they were.

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nonsense would surface in my memory, but for some reason my ability to speak stayed completely in tact.

I got up, and wandered down the road for about an hour. I didn't know where I was going, but I desperately wanted to. I had to figure it out eventually. I kept begging silently, 'Please, help me' but there was never a reply.

Finally, I wandered out into the middle of the street. I remembered the white headlights shining like diamonds in the knight moving toward me. It was time to die. I knew I couldn't survive this. The bus barreled down the street at thirty to fifty miles an hour.

The giant hunk of metal smashed into me. I was launched forward several feet, skidding over the pavement. However, I didn't feel fazed. I just kept skidding along the street. My clothes were tearing and rending, but my skin didn't have a single laceration.

As I stopped, I sat up and stared into the darkness, wondering in psychological agony what was happening.

Chapter 4 by Arynn Kirkham



I looked down at my body praying that I would have some mark, some scratch to prove this wasn't a dream. I started to softly cry, this couldn't be happening. Why couldn't I have died like I was supposed to the first time? I sucked in a breath and stood up numbly.

The driver ran out of the bus and up to me.

" Oh my god! I just...I jus... I didn't see you! I'm so sorry!" he sobbed.

I walked past him numbly walking away, he tried to scream after me to stop, but I only heard buzzing. I kept walking down the street hoping that someone would recognize me, help me, something. Any hope I had at being helped was disappearing slowly.

Chapter 5 by Jegory



This story has placed in the
Understand what's going on

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It's started to rain now. Grey clouds billow above, as the city frowns down upon me. Towers rise up on every side, and the roads are filled with dazzling lights and the noise of angry horns as the traffic builds and grinds to a stop beside me. The rain mingles with my tears as I stumble, my clothes ripped and torn, my shoes gone, I stumble desperately onwards, trying to find my way home.

I turn a corner, then wander along another street, then cross the road and turn again. I look up at the windows of the shops looming over me; I gaze, my eyes blurred and my vision fuzzy, up at pale, waxy mannequins adorning themselves in ugly summer shirts. They scowl down at me, and I scurry on past. I'm almost there. I'm almost home.

At last it appears. My home, the little apartment on the fourteenth floor, of that building right across the street; I can see the light shining past the curtains. I hurry across the street, waving the cars away, rush under the trees that guard the entrance, push my way through the revolving door, step into the elevator and shiver. At last I find time to calm my breath and wipe away the floods of water from my brow.

The lift rattles to a stop, and the doors slide open. The corridor beyond is dark, only half-lit; the light attached to the ceiling above is flickering; they still haven't bothered to fix it. I take a breath, then force myself forwards; my body feels heavy now, tired, but I can't stop. I'm almost there now.

I reach my door. I find my key, burrowed into one of my pockets. I slip it into the keyhole. I turn it, I pull down on the handle, I watch as the door creaks open, and I step inside.

But I'm not alone. There's someone there.

A man. He's dressed in black, a suit, with a blood red tie. And he's holding a gun, an ugly, black piece of metal and plastic. I glance past him, and see nothing but patches of red staining the carpet beyond.

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He fires the gun. The bullet hits the wall.

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But somehow, I still stand.

Chapter 6 by Barbara



The bullet ended up in the wall behind me, with my blood on it, as the hole in my body started to minimalism until no visible sign was left of there ever having been one. I look back up, facing the man who shows no signs of being surprised. And truth be told, neither do I. All I feel is anger, because to me, this was pain without reason. They could just tell me, you know.

"Hungry?" The man asked me, taking out a little bottle and offering it to me. I could clearly see a red liquid and immediately thought of blood...

"It is what you think it is. Now...are you hungry?" He clearly was growing impatient as he emphasized each word.

"Yes." My voice being so soft it was barely loud enough to be called a whisper.

"Than take it."

I decided it would be best not to waste any more time or to test this mans patience any further and stepped forward. Even though recently being hit by a bus, I was incredible mobile. As it no of those things that I went to so far even happened!

Drinking the liquid, my guess was confirmed. This was blood. But why? Why me? He had said I was 'exactly the one they had been looking for'.

Chapter 7 by Emerald, Eternal Madman



He explained to me that a select few are chosen, known after as 'swords of the forge', without explanation as to what that meant. "You can't die. You want blood. You're immortal. You're one of them. The swords of the forge have various abilities depending on what's given to them. Your arm. Show it to me." I do, and on it I see a knife. "Wonderful! The few that are the knives are similar to the leader. Obsidia, whose first weapon was a knife." That... makes sense, I think? It's all so fuzzy... "Just follow me. Obsidia will help you understand. There are so few of us now, so to see another is great news." He lead me down the alley in which I first died, and then further still, until he stopped, knocked on a wall, and walked me down a staircase behind it. The door closed

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Chapter 8 by Immortal Showdown

The long awaited sequel to Chapter 7

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corridor stood 2 guards flanking a large door. With a quick nod to the guards, the man led me into a well-lit chamber.

The room was full of different artifacts, but what caught and held my attention was the red ruby that hung around a woman's neck.

"Bow," the man ordered as the young woman stood up. I guessed that this was Obsidia, leader of these 'swords of the forge'.

Her voice was warm but it had undertones of ice. "Rise." We rose. "Who have you brought to me, Garter?" She asked.

The man, whom I now learned is Garter, showed her the mark on my arm. "He is like us and is a special one," he answered, referring to the few knives. Obsidia examined my arm and gave me a thorough look over with her amber eyes. After some time, she spoke.

"Welcome newcomer, to immortality."

the end

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